



She's the One



romance

lovestory

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Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

Today we get back from summer vacation. I am starting my Junior year of high school. I guess you could be more excited but I moved to another school so I have no friends to meet up with. Too bad I made a fool of myself right when I got there.

I was walking through the front door of the school when I saw 'her'. I was distracted and I tripped on my own feet. She helped me up and that's when I saw her gleaming hazel eyes.

"Are you okay?" she asks

"Yeah, I just saw something distracting" I reply

"Really? Because it looked like you were looking at me."

I swallow "My names David"

"Cool, my name is Brianna"

"That's a pretty name, I'm from Wisconsin. I've never been out of the state till now"

"Yeah, well Florida is a bit different. What do you have first?"

"Social Studies, but I have"

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"Here let me show you around." We get up. I watch her walk away and then I speed walk up to her side.

Chapter 2 by Meg Vaughan



While by her side, I remained speechless for the majority of the journey to social studies through the flooded corridor, which was packed full of lost students attempting to find their way around the school on the first day.

Without getting caught, I studied her. Brianna's honey-dip, blonde hair flowed down to her chest as she let it out naturally; her heart-shaped face, her slender, five-five figure, hardly being able to reach my chest compared to my six-foot stature. But her eyes never caught mine.

"Social studies is at the end of the corridor," I announced, finally.

"Are you in my class?" She asked, looking up at me with her hazel eyes staring into mine.

"Y-yeah," I stammered, nervously, "We have social studies together."

"At least, I'll know someone," she replied. Her voice was cool and relax though I was unsure how she was able to do so. I was awkward and nervous, failing to attempt to hide that and I'd been here for two years. Yet it was her first day and she seemed so cool about it, not worrying about a thing.

We entered the class together moments before the bell went.

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Hearing the bell sound again, signalling the end of the dreary and prologued lesson, was music to my ears. Quickly, I shoved everything in my bag before I rushed out of the lesson to see Brianna outside, waiting for me.

"Hey," She smiled, "So... it's break, right?"

I laugh, "Yeah."

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"What do you usually do?"

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"I form, my friends and I sit in the cafeteria and chat for a bit. Nothing very interesting, though."

She laughed, "It's okay. I like boring."

I head towards the cafeteria, thinking about things I could talk to her about. Every time something popped into my head, I only had to look at Brianna to realise that what I was about to say was idiotic. She didn't want to head about the school nerd talking about how interesting differential calculus was, how I was fluent in three languages which included Klingon, how I'd spent three months preparing for the challenges I'd face during junior year.

"So, what do you do for fun?" Brianna asked.

"Mathletes don't understand the term fun. Differential and integral calculus and their applications, we perfectly understand, but fun is something which, compared to others, is completely foreign to us," Sebastian, one of my best friends, said, sneaking up behind us.

"Mathletes, huh?" Brianna laughed, "My school is Wisconsin never had mathletes. I always thought that they were just for movies."

"We're real alright. I'm Sebastian. Nice to meet you," Seb smiled.

"Brianna," she replied.

The pair continued to converse while I prayed that Brianna didn't look at me like every other girl in the school did: the school nerd who always had his head in a book.

"David," Brianna called, "I like maths."

"You-you like maths?" I frowned, "Are you sure we're talking about the same subject here? Maths isn't a code word for something."

"No. I like maths. You know, with numbers and stuff. I'm good at it. Plus, being surrounded almost exclusively by men all of the time is a massive bonus," Brianna laughed, "Oh, please tell me we have maths together. I'd love, just for a year, to not have to sit next some weird guy who

refuses to talk to me.

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"Maths with Mr Ball," I smiled, "It's a help with maths club."

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"Yeah, like that's going to happen," she replied, with a calm, thick, deeper voice. "I love like the vice versa."

I smiled at her, finally feeling like I should be able to talk to her, not like she was one of the cheerleaders who'd only talk to the guys on the football team like she was one of the girls who'd walk the other way if she saw me in the corridor. Brianna was happy being one of us, being one of the maths nerds and I smiled as I opened the door to the cafeteria.

Chapter 3 by -



"Okay, I was only joking... Don't take it so serious."

I looked at Brianna skeptically. "That really did not sound like a joke." I grabbed my stack of school books and crammed them in my backpack. Brianna jumped up from the table and wrung her hands.

"David, don't be mad at me! I'll see you tomorrow, right?" She zipped my bag up and squeezed my hand.

"Oh yes, you will definitely see me." She had crossed the line. Her sarcasm hit the limit. Tomorrow, she will regret having ever said that.

Brianna gave a puzzled grin. "What is that supposed to mean?"

I slammed the school door behind me and began planning.

Chapter 4 by -



Yes. I know exactly what to do... Tomorrow I need to act like nothing happened and like we are friends. I have to find out as much about her as I can - where she lives, who she lives with, phone number, profile names...

Everything.

This way, she will never see it coming. Right now, she thinks I am a bit hostile. But that will change. She still wants to be friends. She will be waiting outside school for me. Waiting for her

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It is how I operate.

Chapter 5 by -



Ding. Ding. Ding. Darn, I didn't mean to be this late. The halls were empty as ran to Math class. I wanted to show up almost late, but not actually late. Just enough time to make Brianna squirm, time to worry about me. To worry if I was still upset.

I quietly slipped in the door and to my seat while Mr. Ball's back was turned. I noticed Brianna looking at me, waiting for some cue, any cue, to see if we were on friendly terms today.

But I sat there, and cleaned my glasses off. Trying to look as unaffected as possible. Trying to quit my heart from thumping. Trying to keep the sweat from beading up on my forehead. Trying to -

"Good morning classsssss..." Mr. Ball greeted everyone in that annoying nasal voice, drawing out the last consonant, and noisily eating an apple.

While we were working, I watched Brianna. She was neatly dressed. Thin black sweater, shorts, red tank top, and a pair of black Converse. She was concentrating on a problem, or trying to. I could tell she was holding back tears.

Had I actually hurt her feelings? Could I really mean something to her - to anyone? I felt slightly ashamed of myself. Was I doing the right thing?

Buzzz. Buzzz. "Class is dismissssssed..."

Chapter 6 by -



I grabbed my backpack and looked at my watch. Then, quickly threw my books in the bag, and faked being late for something as I jumped past a few people and out the door.

What do I do... What do I do? I kept asking myself as I stood panicking at my locker. I was actually

flustered.

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"Why is this so hard for me?!" I banged my head against the metal door several times.

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"David... Um, are you okay?" I looked up, took a deep breath, and rubbed my head and saw Brianna standing there. She seemed genuinely concerned.

" Oh I'm sorry Brianna, I should be asking you! I totally forgot" I said guiltily and her face lit up " You'll take me? Oh thank you, I've been wondering but you never asked me!" She said and hugged me tightly then seeing it was a bit to early backed away and smoothed her dress still smiling. I was going to the dance with HER!!! my heart raced and I knew I was in love with her.

the end

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